

Frederick M. Alexander
1895 1895

The Centre of Vision



Published by 1907 Students of
The Massachusetts
Normal Art School.

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO.'S SCHOOL ARTS COLOR BOX

PERFECTED UNDER THE IMMEDIATE SUPERVISION
OF A PROMINENT INSTRUCTOR IN DRAWING AND
COLOR WORK, IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR USE IN
NORMAL SCHOOLS



This box contains six colors in half pans:—RED, ORANGE, YELLOW,
GREEN, BLUE, VIOLET.

THESE COLORS ARE TONED TO RELATED INTER-
VALS OF VALUE, HUE AND INTENSITY.
THE BOX ALSO CONTAINS ONE-HALF PAN OF CHAR-
COAL GRAY AND ONE NO. 7 CAMEL'S-HAIR BRUSH.

These colors are different from those in our
other boxes and we furnish an interesting book-
let describing them, also a method of instruction,
free on application.

PRICE PER BOX 50c
Half pans toned colors for refilling box, per doz. 30c

MADE ONLY BY

Wadsworth, Howland & Co.

(INCORPORATED)

ARTISTS COLORMEN AND DEALERS IN ARTISTS' MATERIALS

216 and 218 CLARENDON ST. 82 and 84 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON, MASS.

When patronizing our advertisers please mention the CENTRE OF VISION.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Frontispiece	102
Editorial Board	103
Motto	104
The Man, the Maid, and the Dory The Senior	105
From a Student's Note Book Florence Hosmer, '02	107
The Copley Society's Twelfth Night Revels L. M. W., '07	109
Little Things Christopher Meddler	110
Art News Edith M. Shepard, '07	111
Alumni Notes Royal B. Farnum, '06	114
Class Notes	115
Editorials	118
Exchanges S. Annette Washburn, '08	119
Directory of Class of 1910	120



FOR GIFTS

Awarded Four Gold Medals

THE PERRY PICTURES

Beautiful reproductions of the world's great paintings

One Cent Each for 25 or more. **Size 5**
1-2 x 8. 120 for \$1.00.
Postpaid

(3 to 5 times size of this Sistine Madonna.) Many of them in the beautiful Boston Edition. Half-cent size, 3 x 3 1-2, 50 for 25 cents. Extra Size, 10 x 12, 11 for 50 cents. ¶Gems of Art. **Order Now** before our holiday rush begins. ¶Catalogue of 1,000 illustrations, two pictures, and a bird picture for 2-cent stamp in November.

Bird Pictures in Colors. 7 x 9

Two cents each for 13 or more; \$1.75 per hundred. 25 Art Subjects, or Madonnas, or 25 for children, or 25 on the Life of Christ, or Booklet Madonnas, for 25 cents, or Christmas set of 120 Art Subjects for \$1.00.

Large Pictures for Schoolroom Decoration

Can you afford to have your schoolroom unattractive when you can buy beautiful pictures, 22 x 28, for 75 cents each, 8 for \$5 00?

The Perry Pictures Company

BOX 1344, MALDEN, MASS.



BY PERMISSION OF THE PERRY PICTURES COMPANY.

"CARITAS"

Abbott Thayer

CENTRE of VISION

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-Chief

WALTER N. STILES, 1907

Associate Editor

HELEN F. MORTON, 1907

Staff Artist

ELIZABETH P. WRIGHT, 1907

Art Editor

EDITH M. SHEPARD, 1907

Exchange Editor

S. ANNETTE WASHBURN, 1908

Alumni Editor

ROYAL B. FARNUM

Business Manager

HARRY W. JACOBS, 1909

Subscription Editors

BESSIE E. ELLSBREE, 1908

LILLIAN HOLDEN, 1909

Vol. V.

Boston, Massachusetts, February, 1907

No. 5

The CENTRE OF VISION is published by the students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, during the third week of every month in the school year, and only important news matter can be received after the 8th of the month. Matter for insertion may be left with any of the editorial staff, or mailed to the editor at the Normal Art School. In contributing, write on one side of the paper only, and sign full name (this is for reference only).

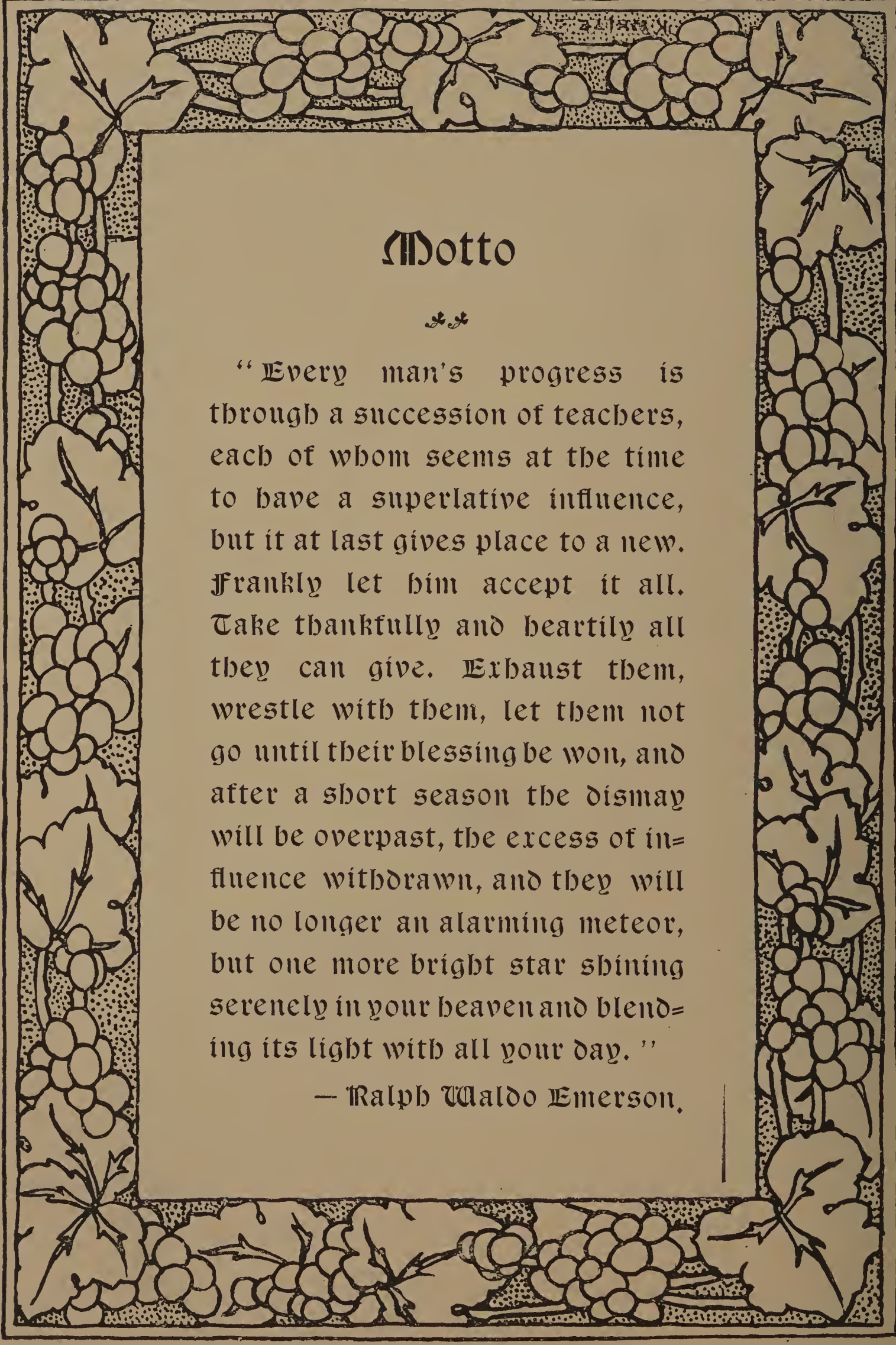
Communications should be addressed, according to their nature, to the editor, business manager, or exchange editor.

Manuscript must be accompanied by necessary postage to insure its return.

10 cents a copy.

75 cents a year in school.

\$1.00 per year by mail.



Motto



“Every man's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems at the time to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new. Frankly let him accept it all. Take thankfully and heartily all they can give. Exhaust them, wrestle with them, let them not go until their blessing be won, and after a short season the dismay will be overpast, the excess of influence withdrawn, and they will be no longer an alarming meteor, but one more bright star shining serenely in your heaven and blending its light with all your day.”

— Ralph Waldo Emerson.

“Genius finds its own road and carries its own lamp.” — *Willmott*.

The Man, the Maid, and the Dory

Horace Creig sat on a huge drift-log in the shade of a clump of feathery willows, sketching the sandy beach with seaweed-covered rocks, and an old brown fishing dory in the foreground.

As Creig painted, he put his whole soul in the work, for, as he expressed it, “I have the fever, and I must paint now.”

The canvas was well covered, and the sketch well under way, when, much to his disgust, the sound of voices broke the stillness of the shore.

“If they only pass by and do not see me,” said Creig, “I will be thankful, for there is nothing more fitted to spoil what might prove to be a good picture, than the prying around of inquisitive strangers.”

He need not have feared, however, for he was left quite undisturbed. As he looked in the direction from which the voices came, he saw two figures approaching. One was that of an old fisherman, dressed in a coarse, woolen suit, a very faded blue shirt, and a yellow-brown “sou’wester” pulled well down over his eyes. His rubber boots reached scarcely halfway between his shambling feet and his knees.

His companion presented a far different picture, for she was a young girl of twenty-two, dressed in a simple violet gown, which was quite in keeping with the sunny July morning. A white straw hat with a large light blue bow completed the pleasing costume.

The two came slowly along the beach and approached the boat. The old man lifted a lobster-pot which was across the stern and threw it upon the beach, then, seating himself on the edge of the rusty-colored dory, he picked up a net and began to mend it.

Meanwhile the girl stretched herself out on the sand, resting her chin in one palm, while her profile silhouetted against the deep blue-green of the ocean.

As Horace Creig watched them, it flashed upon him that here was a picture one saw once in a lifetime. If he could only put on his canvas what was before him! Ah, well, he could try, and perhaps this canvas would not be refused at the M—— Academy exhibition, in spite of the fact that he had been refused admission for the last three years.

For two full hours the fisherman and his young companion posed

“Painting is the intermediate between a thought and a thing.” —
Coleridge.

unconsciously; and for two solid hours the painter worked in a way that was new to him, reveling in every stroke he put on the canvas. At the end of this time the old captain pushed the dory to the water's edge, the girl jumped in, and they rowed out into the cove to set the nets.

It was with intense excitement that Creig took up his post the following day, hoping against hope that his models would return. Hardly had he settled himself, when he saw them approaching. His joy was almost too much for him, but as they took the same positions he calmed himself and set to work once more. They acted as if it was their usual morning occupation, and sure it must have been, for every day for four days they appeared. Each day the old man mended his nets, while the young girl lay on the sand and listened to his tales of the sea.

What luck this was for Creig! Would it be surprising if, with four perfect days, a perfect landscape, and two picturesque models, he should do something worth while?

October came, and Creig sent the picture to the exhibition judges, but it was not until the morning of the private view that he received a much-delayed letter saying that his picture had been accepted.

The galleries of the M—— Academy were crowded. The exhibition was a great success. So, also, was one picture called “The Man, the Maid, and the Dory.”

As the usual crowd was standing before the picture on the second day of the exhibition, Abbot Helmsford, the wealthiest mine owner in C——, stepped close to the canvas and examined closely the face of the girl. As he turned away, he said to a man standing near by:—

“Who is this Horace Creig, and where is his studio?”

“Oh, he is a fine fellow, but very young. I believe this is his first exhibit.”

The next morning Creig was aroused as he sat dreaming of his good luck by a sharp knock on his studio door. He opened it, and a stranger walked in.

“I am Abbot Helmsford,” said the man, “and I came to see you about that picture you are exhibiting at the M—— Academy. Would you mind telling me where it was painted and who were the models?”

“A laugh is worth a hundred groans, in any market.” — *Charles Lamb*.

“Certainly not,” said Creig, and forthwith related the circumstances of the painting of the man, the maid, and the dory. When he had finished, Mr. Helmsford said:—

“I would give \$5,000 for that picture, for the girl is my daughter, but I don’t suppose you would sell it.”

“If you really mean what you say, you may have it, Mr. Helmsford, because I have more need of the money than I have of the picture, much as I should hate to part with it. I hardly think it is worth that price, though.”

“Then if you will dine with me to-night at my house, 6 North avenue, we will complete the bargain. I am in a great hurry now.”

Creig met Edith Helmsford that night for the first time, but not for the last. She had always been interested in art and artists, but now she became intensely interested in one particular artist.

The following summer he returned to the little seashore village to buy the brown dory. As he looked at his new purchase, he turned to the sweet girl in the violet gown by his side, and said:—

“I don’t mind losing the picture, now that I have the ‘Maid and the Dory.’”

The Senior.

From a Student’s Note Book

Continued from January.

Emerson says: “Don’t gloom in conversation, don’t hang gloomy pictures on the wall, for we have enough to pull us down.” A mass of color, no matter what it is, comes to us through the eye, therefore it must be through pleasure to the eye.

Studies for out of doors:—

First—Outdoor quality. Is it out of doors?

Second—Harmony.

Third—Composition. Then you must have texture; clouds float, rocks are hard.

Don’t let a week go by without making something from memory. You cannot always have a sketch book with you, but you can always carry one in your head, and after a time you will notice the value of such practice.

“If art does not enlarge men’s sympathies, it does nothing morally.” — *George Eliot*.

If you are going to draw children’s things, such as a snow man, do it as children do. Don’t have perfect arms, etc.

If you have an accident to illustrate, put yourself into it and make it near, don’t have it ‘way off.

Don’t study Gibson; he is good in his way, but study Castaigne.

In decoration one must have harmony of color and pleasing composition of line.

Say what the candle, the moon, the sun says without putting in the thing. If you put in the moon, or whatever the light is, that will become the important thing. Put the light upon the people and your subject.

Where Nature puts on her lightest light she puts on the darkest dark.

The distant darks are never as dark as you think they are.

White is always a gray.

In Paris where some of the students ate their lunch there would be only one kind of a soup at a time. So this they called “the soup of the day.” Nature mixes up “the soup of the day” and sprinkles it down over everything.

Students when they begin to paint out of doors start in by painting the universe; finally they get down to one small corner.

Study Corot.

Don’t follow fads.

Good furniture will never go out of style.

Portrait painting will go on forever, always pleasing to people.

Abby has greatly enriched Shakespeare.

A clever illustrator is sure of a large market and plenty of work.

Decorative art will be the chief one of the coming century.

The pictures in the Sistine Chapel are good not for color, but for outlines and sculpture of forms.

The Congressional Library is the most complete building, combining the three arts, of any in the country.

Edison, Bell, Field, and those kind of men are the most paid, not only in money, but in public admiration and thankfulness.

The real aim of life is not to please ourselves, but to do all we can to help and please those around us.

Florence Hosmer, '02.

“Great deeds must be worked for, hoped for, died for, now as in the past.” — *Schumann*,

The Copley Society's Twelfth Night Revels

Once inside, everybody forgot that the place was Copley Hall and the time January 28, 1907. To all appearances it was long ago in Nuremburg. The street was filled with its citizens—the nobility, dressed in gorgeous robes of silks and velvets, adorned with gold and silver decoration; the peasants, in gay and festive attire, all out for a holiday.

At the first chime of bells, rung out from a clock tower on one side of the street, the trumpeters announced the approach of a wild Romany band, who rushed through the crowd to the stage, laughing and yelling in their native tongue. The Herald might best be quoted here: “Then the young bride of the band, Mrs. E. L. Major, gave a characteristic dance of the tribe. Swaying gracefully or bending low, with head uplifted and the joy of the music in every motion, she circled about the gypsy boy, W. N. Stiles, like the spirit of youth and life. The other gypsies crouched on their heels in a circle, and urged on the dancers with shouts of approval and clapping of hands. Mrs. Lilla Viles Wyman then danced a figure which was a marvel of untamed wildness and barbaric grace. It so carried the whole audience that a tumultuous shout of delight, as from one throat, filled the air. The gypsies persuaded a strange noble, George H. Hills, to sing, which he did, remembering his Faust song. A very black, fierce bear, R. W. Broderick, then danced with his keeper, E. L. Major. This was quickly followed by the running exit of the entire band.”

The revels continued with all sorts of beautiful dances by the various groups, vintagers, butterflies and roses, bakers and toy dolls, interspersed with songs by the Harvard Glee Club. At midnight the street began to be cleared of spectators, for all who could had wended their way through the grapery to the long tables of refreshments. When all had eaten and drunken their fill, the hall was cleared, and dancing continued until the chimes called the hour of two, when the beautiful street and buildings were torn down, and Copley Hall assumed its former appearance.

Those present from the Normal Art School were: Miss Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Major, Mr. and Mrs. V. L. George, R. W. Broderick, C. H. Richert, W. B. Heseltou, E. A. Fox, J. H. Bonnar, S. B. Baker,

“Nothing right can be accomplished in art without enthusiasm.”—
Schumann.

L. F. Loring, R. S. Stebbins, H. M. Perkins, J. J. Howard, G. Tyng,
W. N. Stiles, C. F. Kelley, F. W. Ried, Misses D. L. Blair, B. M. Taft,
K. R. White, M. I. Henderson, F. Hosmer, D. B. Husted, L. M. Webb,
H. F. Lyon, L. Taylor, A. T. O'Brien, L. P. Grosvenor, H. Richards
L. M. W., '07.

Little Things

During the last month we have celebrated the birthday anniversaries of two great men, a great, unconquerable general and a broad-minded and human-hearted statesman, whose lives cannot fail to kindle in us the desire that we, too, be great in our chosen professions. They are not only an inspiration, but an encouragement. Others have made humble starts, so have we; and others have reached a lofty goal, and so may we. What has been done can be done, for each one in himself is the history of the whole world.

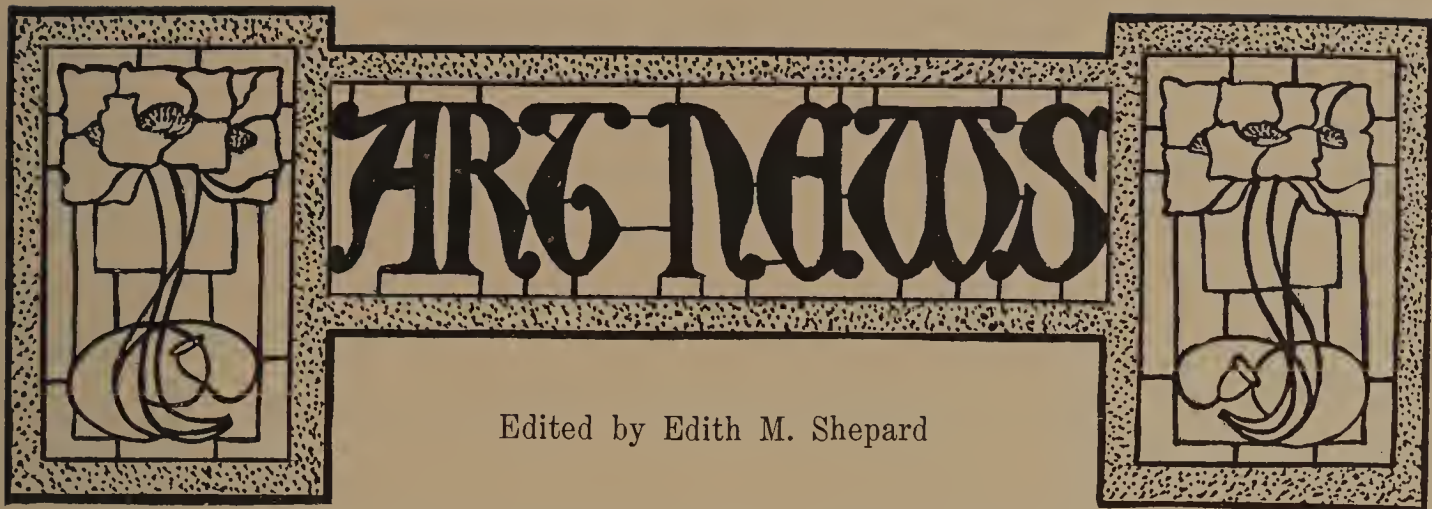
What was it that in our school days laid the foundation of our present admiration for George Washington, before we understood his generalship or appreciated his abilities? It was the story of how he chopped down a cherry tree and found it hard work not to tell a lie.

Why scorn the little and trivial things, why despise the so-called pot-boilers or the seemingly mechanical drudgery? If we wish to reach the top of the ladder, we must use every round. Should we, by chance, gain it at a bound, we would be out of breath and dizzy, and no doubt topple over before we could gain a foothold.

Let us, then, move forward, slowly and steadily, always in the right direction, accepting and gladly doing the little things that are in our path, and in good time we will reach our goal, well prepared and sanely developed, men and women well fitted to our places.

Christopher Meddler.

Brushes are clean, canvas is new,
Palette all set, what shall you do?
Easy to guess, why, here's your decision,
'Lustrate your rime for the CENTRE OF VISION.



Edited by Edith M. Shepard

Edward W. Redfield, the landscape painter, whose pictures were recently exhibited at Rowland's Galleries, has been awarded the Pennsylvania Academy gold medal of honor. This is the highest award of the academy, given "in recognition of high achievement in their profession to American painters and sculptors who may be exhibitors at the academy, or who, for eminent services in the cause of art or to the academy, have merited distinction."

Such men as William M. Chase, Edwin A. Abbey, John McNeill Whistler, and John S. Sargent have been former recipients of this honor.

Mr. Redfield was born in Bridgeville, Del., in 1868. He has studied at the Pennsylvania Academy and in Paris, and has received many honors and prizes at home and abroad.

The Corcoran Art Gallery has opened auspiciously its first exhibition of contemporary American artists. The exhibition numbers nearly 400 paintings by many of our best-known artists, and a few of the canvases are among the most notable that Americans have yet produced. Our nation may well be proud of the exhibition, which is well arranged in spacious, well-lighted galleries.

Two of the Ten American Painters have been awarded prizes, Willard L. Metcalf, receiving first prize of \$1,000 and the Corcoran gold medal for his "May Night," and Frank W. Benson \$500 and the silver medal for his "Against the Sky." The third medal was awarded Edward W. Redfield for the picture, "Lowlands of the Delaware."

The most notable painting in the exhibition, without a doubt, is a large portrait group by John S. Sargent. The picture was painted for the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, "and it is a noble work of dignity to the composition, of able rendering of character, of superb virtuosity in the painting of the figures, and generally of artistic completeness." Mr. Sargent showed, also, four other canvases.

"Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can." — Owen Meredith.

The portrait painters included such artists as Vinton, Chase, Tarbell, De Camp, Benson, Hale, Emmet, and others; some of the landscape painters are Ochtman, Hassam, and Davis. Other exhibitors are Edwin A. Abbey, Frank Currier, Cecilia Beaux, Robert Reid, and George De Forest Brush.

An original marble head of the Emperor Augustus has been given to the Art Museum. It represents the emperor as a man of mature years, and is doubtless a truer portrait of Augustus than many of the more idealized heads.

The Emperor Augustus, during a long reign, ruled the Mediterranean world with great diplomatic and military ability, restoring civic order and peace. He was much loved and admired at home, and honored and even deified in the provinces.

Thus we have many portraits of him, in boyhood, youth, and manhood, many of them more or less idealized and deified. The Museum is fortunate in possessing this very human presentation, an intimate likeness revealing "the insight of the sculptor and the power of an unusually vigorous and skilful hand."

The head is to be placed in the Greek Marble Room.

There are now being exhibited in the Japanese Corridor of the Museum three screens painted by Korin, and two by Sotatsu. Sotatsu is considered Japan's greatest flower painter, and Korin is noted for his boldness and originality of treatment.

"London, February 12, 1907. The most sensational art burglary since 1876, when Gainsborough's 'The Duchess of Devonshire,' now the property of J. Pierpont Morgan, was stolen by an American, Harry Raymond, occurred at Charles Wertheimer's residence on Park Lane during the night.

"Several costly canvases, including pictures by Gainsborough and Reynolds, were cut from their frames and carried off.

"The two Gainsboroughs and a Reynolds were worth together \$80,000."

"So unskilfully were the pictures cut from their frames that they have been irretrievably ruined, even if they are recovered.

"The thieves also secured a big haul of eighteenth century French

“Do not try to do four years work in three, it is not always the best fruit that ripens the quickest.”

snuff boxes, miniatures, etc. The property stolen is valued at \$185,000 in all.”

Will H. Low writes in the “Field of Art” of Scribner’s of “The Mural Painter and His Public.” The article is written in such an ingenuous, forceful manner that we venture to give a very few quotations. The whole article is very interesting, and well worth reading.

The writer says that because of increasing public interest, the architects and the building commissioners are becoming more and more “solicitous that the public buildings of their conception should receive the enlivening grace of color and expressional design at the hands of the mural painter.”

“A certain naive acceptance of the visible signs of our growth in civic importance, a grateful sense of luxurious surroundings in comparison with the ascetic character of the earlier capitol as something befitting that growth, perhaps the equal contrast between the ‘leading hotels’ of a few years ago and the lavish hostelries dear to our traveling public to-day, are considerations that affect the universal interest and approbation given to the mural painter’s work. To others, however, the pictured spaces that mark the present status of mural painting in this country carry meanings of deeper import.”

“There are those who argue that in restraining the artist to depicting events in American history the future growth of our art will be assured. Sargent’s subject, ‘The Prophets,’ is of course as remote as the Old Testament, while Millet in ‘The Angelus’ depicts people of a type in every way foreign engaged in a religious rite of a church antagonistic to the Protestant belief of a majority of our people.” Both of these pictures have received wide public favor.

“The subject chosen should always take into consideration the style in which the architectural surrounding is conceived, and here at once for the American painter begins a difficulty if he desires to treat a subject taken from our own history. The world, grown sadder since our earlier day, has adopted a garb of sombre hue. Qualities of color in grays and blacks we have seen employed in charming fashion ever since the time of Velasquez, and in our own day Whistler has run the same gamut most effectively.



Royal B. Farnum, Editor

"Tho' we travel the world over to find the beautiful,
We must carry it with us, or we find it not."

—Emerson.

The editor of this column was very delightfully surprised a few days ago by receiving news of the alumni from one of its members. It is most encouraging, and he wishes to express his appreciation.

Miss Ripley, '04, is very successfully teaching drawing and design in the Boston Trade School for Girls. This school offers opportunity for trade training in millinery, dressmaking, machine operating, and straw hat making to any girls from fourteen to seventeen who wish to prepare for an honest livelihood. It aims to assist girls who are obliged to leave school and go to work to enter trades where there is a chance for advancement both in wage and in position. It endeavors to give the girl an understanding of her work, a sense of responsibility toward it, and an ambition to be the highest type of worker.

The elementary principles of design are taught, and are applied to the practical work of each trade department. French underwear of good design in tucks and lace is lent by the stores and studied by the class for arrangement and spacing. "Lingerie" hats and simple dresses are designed and made. Also collars, doilies, tray cloths, etc.

Quick pose sketching is taught, so that the girl, seeing a pretty dress in a window, or on a car, may jot down the idea in a little sketch with the fewest lines possible. Color schemes of textiles, leaves, feathers are analyzed and applied in designs. Frequent visits to museums and exhibitions give help and better understanding of the relation of art to industry.

Grace Sullivan, '06, is teaching at East Boston High for four days in the week.

Hannah McDonough, '06, is at South Boston High three days a week.

Alice Harris, '06, is assisting in Brockton.

“Life is a progress, and not a station.” — *Emerson.*

Class Notes

'07

Florence I. Bulfinch

James K. Bonnar

Do you realize, classmates, that the last term of our last year of school is upon us, and since we are coming down on the home stretch why not make every moment count?

We gaze with blue-green orbs (chroma 10) upon the two progressive members of our circle, Miss Goding and Miss Bates, who recently have been appointed supervisors of drawing

Rumors are about that the Carpenters' Union is watching our head slasher closely because on Saturdays she is known to work five hours, instead of two, as scheduled. Beware, Bert!

The students who were fortunate enough to attend the “Artists' Festival” are still telling of the good time—also the refreshments.

And Joseph, son of Josephine, gazed blankly into space and understood not.

I wonder how many of us appreciate what we are getting in return for the small term fee we are required to pay. Think it over.

Mr. B—ker, we hear, has recently completed a large portrait commission.

“What part did you take in the recent Artists' Festival, Mr. Bro—ick?”

Answer: “I can't ‘bear’ to tell you.”

'08

Polly M. Leavett

Charles R. Mabie

Professor: “What do you intend to do when you graduate?”

Student: “I don't know whether I will work or teach.”

Wanted, at 19 Norway street, a cat or a Chinaman to rid the place of mice.

According to occasional snatches caught in '08 studios, deep plans are on foot for meeting in Paris this summer.

“A picture is a poem without words.” — *Horace*,

It is too good to be true that the Juniors really had a meeting.
Whom shall we thank, the president?

To be said of a fresh, untouched canvas: “There is a certain nothing
about this that is really quite charming.”

Have you learned the latest handshake? It’s good exercise and
warming. Try it.

Half the year gone! Now to work—or—in June—??

“One Student: “Keep quiet, you’re my background.”

Helen: “Mabie, will you be mine?”

Mix it on your palette,

Put it on in dobs,

Rub it in, for that’s

The way to paint, b’gobs.

’09

Lillian Holden

Richard J. Herlihy

Detectives needed at once on the Valentine scent. Who dared to
send the “Donkeys” to Loring and Walley?

Pill time, Priscilla! She is not the only pill, is she, “Pillie”?

Notice the sunshine that issues forth, and also the strange lull which
prevails in our studio since Mr. Major’s return.

Is there any one who has not signed for a class pin? If so, hurry
up and show your school spirit.

Look out, “Billy,” some one will get “stuck on” you if you spill
so much glue.

Paint is an excellent medium for expressing displeasure, if not lights
and shadows. Some of the faces and hands of the beginners in oils look
like Turner’s sunsets.

We are glad to note that one of our “lost and found” notices has
already borne fruit. The Christy man whose loss was noted in our last
number has been found. It pays to advertise!

Hello, Apron, where’s Dinky?

"Sculpture is the art of discarding superfluities."— A. Canova.

Molly is singing: "Come, chick, chick, chick!" But it will be "Henny, oh, Henny, come to me," if that chicken isn't caught pretty soon.

The most noticeable feature of the graduation from charcoal to oils in Mr. Munsell's studio is the sudden appearance of new aprons.

Miss L—— (of another girl): "What time does half-past one come?"

How quiet Mr. A's studio has been since that fatal day not long ago!

We are all sorry to learn that Mildred Bryant is in the hospital, having had an operation for appendicitis. We certainly do miss her, and sincerely hope she will recover soon and join us again.

The coal hook: "Do you catch on?"

Answer: "I'll be hanged if I do!"

Miss Bailey's H₂O color class:—

Miss K—m—b—l: "What do I smell burning?"

Mr. H—w—r—d: "Oh! that is burnt sienna."

How does "Rufus" get that musical strain—"oo—la—la—la—?" It is in a class by itself.

The Freshmen, as well as many other members of this school, favor a baseball team this spring. An athletic association has been suggested, and in that way the team would be run in a businesslike way. Without doubt it would be a great success, for there is plenty of excellent material to work on. We hope it will be given serious thought.

"What time is it?" Those are the few words which are repeated every other minute in Mr. Andrew's studio. An order is now being filled which provides an alarm clock for each person, and it is anticipated that every one will then know the hour.

"Rufus" is having a hard time "to do a man." Cheer up!

PRIZE OFFER!

A great question has come up about the weight of our young lady from Springfield. The figures are between 350 to 600 pounds. Come on, fellers, show your spirit.



EDITORIALS

Seniors! Do we realize that we are entering upon our last term of perhaps the most enjoyable four years of our lives? June will be here before we know it; then we separate and begin a new phase of life entirely different from any we have ever experienced. A life that will show the stuff of which we are made, and a life that will need all the knowledge we have gained in this school if we follow our chosen professions.

Juniors! You have reached the point where every minute in this school will be a joy from now on, because you are beginning to appreciate your instructions and are capable of understanding the whys and wherefores much more than ever before. You are beginning to create and mould your own ideas in a more satisfactory manner.

Sophomores! "Work" should be your motto. Have your fun out of school hours, for what you are learning now counts tremendously in the results of your four years' work. Try to grasp the principles that your instructors are giving you. Form good habits.

Freshmen! You are the luckiest, for you have so much ahead of you. If you are not doing good work and feel that you never will, choose some other profession. If your heart is thoroughly in your work, form definite goals and strive hard for them. Do not put off making your certificates until June!

We wish to thank those who have given us so much material for this number, and we are sorry we cannot use it all. Your interest and spirit encourage us the most. If we could make larger sales, we could add a few more pages, and if every one would buy a copy each month, we could do it easily.

"Excellent material" alone will not make a successful athletic association: you must have "excellent spirit" and the support of the whole school. We have always had plenty of material, and have had several attempts at something of this sort. Because a few can get together enough to play a few basket ball games, do not think you have an athletic association.



S. Annette Washburn, Editor

In the preceding numbers of our paper we have made definite remarks upon the good and bad qualities of our exchange friends. Let us now go a step further and make a general suggestion. How many editors have ever heard of a little word of five letters, *unity*? A little word, to be sure, but how important! In looking over the January editions, it was truly shameful to find how few editors seem to have any thought of unity.

Each department of a paper should, to a certain extent, be thought of and treated as a whole. But do not these units go to make up a united whole? If each part does not have any relation to the whole, there never can be any real unit. The paper will not "hang together," to use an artist's phrase. More papers show this lack of unity in feeling, style, and form than any other fault.

Lay aside all personal feelings, and put on the genuine brotherly spirit which will enable you to see from our standpoint. For, as you know, a certain sympathy and friendliness will do more toward bringing about a similarity of views than any outward circumstances.

"I tell you, I stand before this painting, awed!"

"No!"

"Yes, sir. It gives me a new notion of Omnipotence."

"Well, I declare!"

"Only to think, sir, that the Lord could make a sunset like that, if He chose!"—Puck.

Abbott Handerson Thayer, who painted the original of this month's frontispiece, was born in Boston, in 1849. He has painted many excellent landscapes, and ranks among the first portrait painters. His work is noted for its simplicity and spiritual meanings.

“One must be able to make use of the trivial for the expression of the sublime.” — *Jean Francois Millet.*

Directory of Class of 1910

Adams, Carl H., Bradford.....	29 Williams Street
Aldrich, Edith M., Concord, N. H.....	25 Fairmount, Woburn
Alexander, Florence M.....	79 Linwood Avenue, Newtonville
Allen, Ruby G.....	70 Mt. Pleasant Court, Somerville
Amsden, Laura D., Littleton.....	43 Mozart Avenue, Roslindale
Avery, Susan.....	East Braintree
Arieta, Julia.....	303 West Fourth, South Boston
Ayer, Edgar B.....	14 Kensington, Roxbury
Bailey, Abigail R.....	205 Church, Marlboro
Barrett, Daisy L.....	150 Millet Street, Dorchester
Bellis, Daisy M.....	9 Brown, Waltham
Bernhardt, Enid L.....	11 Charles Street, Winthrop
Bishop, Marjorie G.....	538 Franklin-Square House
Bolam, Alice G.....	630 Hale Street, Beverly Farms
Boudreau, Leon L.....	106 Newton, Marlboro
Breed, Edgar R.....	122 Walnut, Lynn
Bryant, Mildred A.....	Kingston, Mass.
Buchanan, Christine..	20 Oxford, Somerville
Buck, Ethel L.....	72 Moraine, Brockton
Burcher, Maris.....	34 Royal, Allston
Burrill, Atossa L.....	Bridgewater
Buttimer, Edward M.....	351 Lowell Street, Somerville
Cahoon, Clifton D.....	30 Minot, Neponset
Cain, Adolphus A.....	134 North, Newtonville
Callister, Elfrida V.....	141 Spencer, Dorchester
Cameron, Morley D.....	5 Evergreen Avenue, Somerville
Carter, Alice A.....	Framingham
Chard, Margaret A.....	7 Cottage Avenue, Winthrop
Childs, Nina.....	15 Shaw Road, Swampscott
Cone, Emma T.....	97 Salem, Reading
Coy, William M.....	9 Brook Avenue, Roxbury
Crowley, Nella G.....	209 Quincy Street, Dorchester
Cushing, Mabel M.....	126 Thorndike, Brookline
Cushman, Amy D. R.....	14 Clifton, Taunton
Daggett, Emma S., North Tisbury.....	91 Moraine, Brockton
Derby, Mary E.....	39 Day, West Somerville
Dole, Marion.....	33 Wenonah, Roxbury

“In morals, as in art, saying is nothing, doing is all,” — *Renan*.

— Driscoll, Agnes T.....	247 Salem, Lawrence	
— Dunham, Alice C.....	126 Thorndike, Brookline	
Edmond, Elizabeth.....	367 Harvard, Brookline	
— Edwards, Mary J.....	Newton Centre	
Farley, Elizabeth D.....	11 Milton Road, Brookline	
Farrar, Herbert C.....	13 Huntington Avenue, Dorchester	—
— Fischer, Sophie J. W.....	18 Union Terrace, Jamaica Plain	
— Fletcher, Marjorie F.....	Grafton	
— Flye, Sarah L., Sheepscott, Me.....	392 Medford, Somerville	
— Folkins, Edith M.....	2 Superior, Lynn	
Frary, Avis L... ..	40 Summer, Weymouth	
— Gleason, Mary H.....	North Hancock Street, Lexington	
Gough, Ruth F.. ..	221 High, Taunton	
— Hall, Addie L.....	Whitman	
— Hazard, Ruth.....	32 Orris, Melrose Highlands	
— Hibbard, Aldro T.....	19 Home, Dorchester	—
— Hillman, May S.....	159 Linden, Everett	
— Hirst, Isabella M., Plymouth.....	8 Hammond, Somerville	
— Howard, John J., Gardner.....	754 Centre, Jamaica Plain	—
— James, Gertrude, Anderson, Ind.....	36 St. Stephen, Boston	
— Jones, Clara L.. ..	38 Burroughs, Jamaica Plain	
Kelly, Charles F.....	57 Montview, West Roxbury	—
Kenswil, Edwin F.....	62 West Cedar, Boston	—
— Kimball, Mary L.....	Hingham Centre	
— Laurence, Amy W.....	11 East Newton, Springfield	
Leister, Irene M.....	60 Hyde Park Avenue, Forest Hills	
— Lewis, Bertha.....	376 Athens, South Boston	
— Locke, Beulah B.....	East Lexington	
— Lovell, Margaret.....	8 State, Worcester	
Lincoln, Minnie.....	County Road and Boulevard, Chelsea	
— Marshall, Edna E., 50 Church, Springfield.....	135 Pembroke	
Marshall, Etta G.....	122 M, South Boston	
— Masson, Margaret A., Concord, N. H.....	Franklin-Square House, Boston	

“Genius is nothing but a great capacity for patience.” — *Buffon*.

— McAuliffe, Anna D.....	20	Dix, Worcester
— McCausland, Bessie B.....	761	Washington, Dorchester
— Merriam, Ruth B.....		Derry, N. H.
— Metcalf, Helen M.....	27	Wheelock Avenue, Norwood
— Miller, Lona, Perry, Kan.....	69	Chandler Street, Boston
— Miller, May.....	14	Everett Avenue, Dorchester
— Mills, Lula E.....		West Berlin
— Nash, Alice M.....	104	Front, Weymouth
— Nichols, Fred W.....	105	Medford, Medford
— O'Brien, Harriet L.....	7	Fiske Terrace, Allston
— Otis, Berenice, Florence.....	68	Warrenton Street
— Pomeroy, Raymond H., Westfield.....	196	St. Botolph, Suite 1
— Reaveley, Catherine.....	30	Tower, Somerville
— Risdon, Florence J., 10 Ivaloo, Somerville.....	165	East Foster, Melrose
— Roop, Annie E.....		Western Avenue, Essex
— Spofford, Helen.....		Groveland
— Sawyer, Ellen M.....	244	Columbia Road, Dorchester
— Shattuck, Bernard W.....		Pepperell
— Stephens, Alice H.....	147	Ashmont, Dorchester
— Thayer, Alvin D., Orange.....	193	Canton, Boston
— Tomkins, Esther T., Hillsborough, N. B.....	11	Hollis, Newton
— Vining, Ola D., Irene Street, Willimansett.....		Holyoke
— Weber, Ruth B.....	47	Stratford, Dorchester
— Webster, Olive C.....	10	Virginia, Somerville
— Whitehouse, Grace L.....	247	Princeton, East Boston
— Willard, Mabel V.....	109	Hewlett, Roslindale
— Woodbury, Marjorie C.....	6	Columbus Avenue, Beverly
— Wyeth, Nathaniel.....		Needham

A RECIPE.

A high light in the darkest corner, three large, black smudges of charcoal or anthracite, rub it in with sole of your largest foot, and the “comp” is finished—yes, finished.

Arts and Crafts in Copper

Send for Catalogue No. 8, showing sets of Anvils, and an article on the work by L. H. Martin.
Sheet Copper and all Utensils Imported Enamel by the Ounce Leather for Tooling
Benches, Tools and Supplies for Individual or Class Work
Hardware, Cutlery, Photographic Goods

CHANDLER & BARBER

124 Summer Street = = = Boston

TRY ETCHOGRAPH PLATES

For Making Etchings on Photo Paper
JUST FOR FUN

Make transfers from Newspapers on Post Cards or any paper with
ETCHOGRAPH CREAM, 25c Per Bottle

Little's Art Shop

363 Boylston St., Boston

Photographs of Paintings by TARBELL, DE CAMP, Etc.

NEW PUBLICATION!



BLACKBOARD SKETCHING

By

FREDERICK WHITNEY

State Normal School, Salem, Mass.

This book contains twenty-nine full-page plates from the actual work by Mr. Whitney in the schoolroom, representing a great variety of school work, illustrating lessons in Reading, Arithmetic, History, Geography and other subjects. Each plate contains not only the desirable sketch, but strokes necessary in producing the drawing. The text is descriptive of the lesson as given to students. This book should be in the hands of every teacher.

Cloth, each \$0.60 net.

Postage, \$0.06.

Milton Bradley Company

E. O. CLARK, Manager

120 Boylston Street, Boston

When patronizing our advertisers please mention the CENTRE OF VISION.

WINSHIP TEACHERS' AGENCY

Courteous
Treatment

Prompt

New England
Bureau of Education
The Oldest Teachers' Agency
in New England

William F. Jarvis
Alvin F. Pease

Fair
Dealing

Attention

29-A Beacon Street, Boston

Telephone 684-2

Only the Best Materials Used

WALTER H. SNOW

Manufacturer of

Ice Cream and Fancy Ices

Also Fine Confectionery, Light Catering, Special
Attention To Parties and Weddings.

Malta Building, Gilman Square, - - Somerville

If you need an ad WE MAKE IT.
If you need a design WE MAKE IT.
If you need a cut WE MAKE IT.

HALF TONE COLOR
& LINE PLATES



FAIR COMPETITION
NO MONOPOLY
OUR MOTTO...

If you want anything reproduced WE REPRODUCE IT.
If you would be pleased WE WILL PLEASE YOU.
If you only try us YOU WILL COME AGAIN...
UNION ENGRAVING CO. 338 Washington St.
..PHONE 4632 MAIN..

ESTABLISHED 1893

—THE—

Merrill Teachers' Agency

P. I. MERRILL, Manager

TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON

Good positions open for September.

Landers' Lunch and Coffee House

Special Room for Ladies. 25 Years' Experience

20 Huntington Ave., near Copley Sq, Back Bay, Boston

A new, finely appointed room for ladies, fitted up with very latest improvements, with our usual first-class service. New room is in rear.

We take pleasure in catering to our Normal Art School patrons, and hope for a continuance of their trade.

MR. A. J. SHEAFE ANNOUNCES HIS STUDENTS' CLASSES IN DANCING
AT THE HUNTINGTON CHAMBERS

AND RESPECTFULLY SOLICITS
YOUR PATRONAGE

Member American National Association
Masters of Dancing

When patronizing our advertisers please mention the CENTRE OF VISION.